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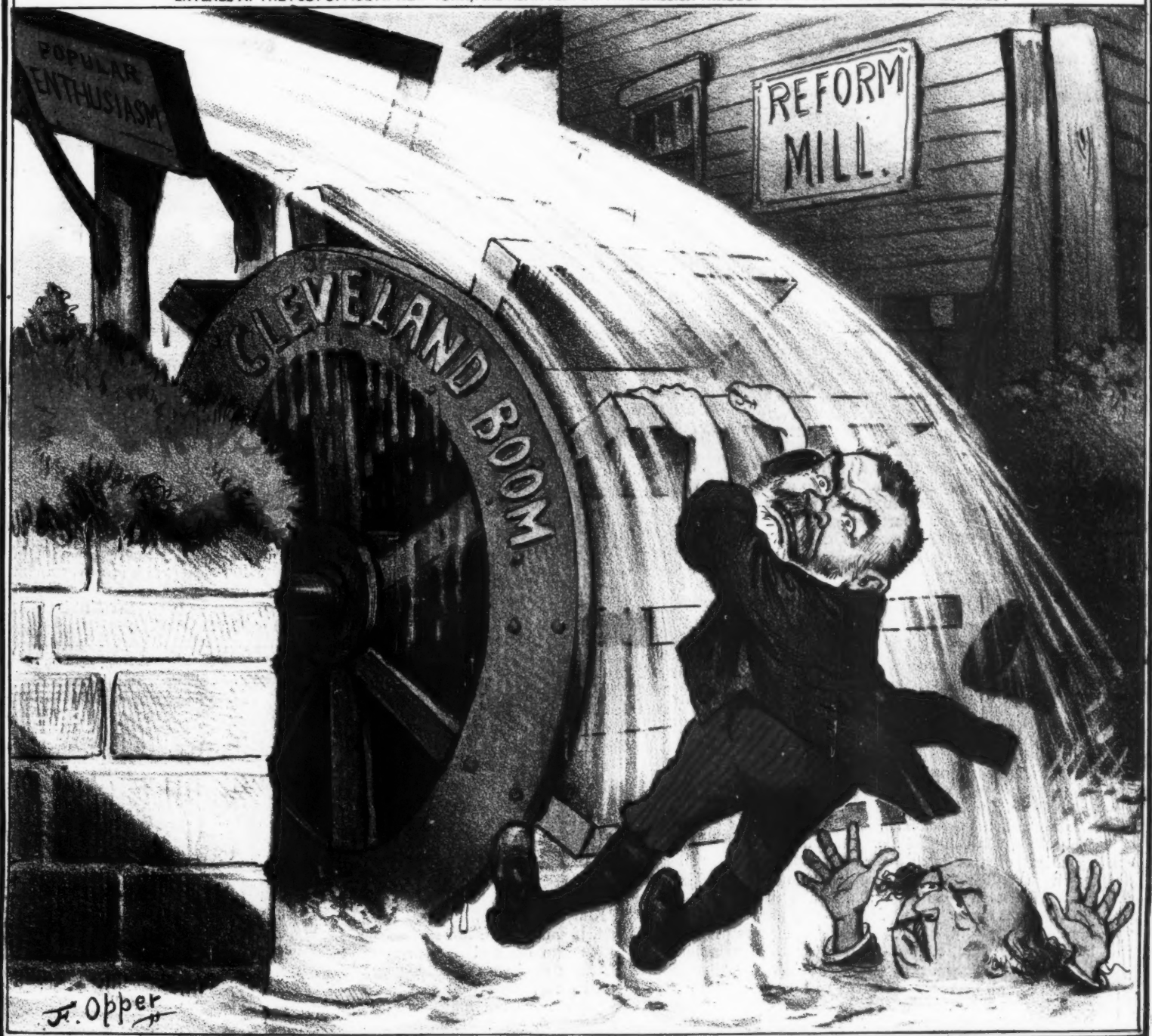


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THEY CAN NOT STOP THE WHEEL.

## PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

## IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.

## NOTICE.

No portion of this paper will be sold for use in campaign documents or for other political purposes. No exception will be made to this rule. PUCK'S print and pictures are for the people; not for politicians.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

There seems to be some slight misunderstanding about the position of this paper in the present campaign. Occasionally a "constant reader" writes us, in anguish of heart, to ask why we have "deserted the Republican standard" and "gone over to the Democratic camp." We want these saddened souls to understand, once for all, that we have "deserted" no standard; have "gone over to" no camp. Puck has never been a Republican paper. Puck never will be a Democratic paper. It was, is, and will be Independent. It is nobody's organ; it accepts the dictation of no sect or party. Common-sense and honesty are its guides. In the past we have generally found that common-sense and honesty taught us to support the nominees of the Republican Party, and we have supported them. But, to-day, common-sense and honesty are on the side of the Democratic ticket, and that is Puck's side.

When we say that Puck is Independent, we do not mean that the paper binds itself to follow the course of any "Independent Party." If such a party appears, and conducts itself after such a fashion that it deserves its name, it will find this paper its best and most steadfast friend. But parties sometimes go wrong; conscience never. Therefore we, who wish most ardently for a new party which shall wipe out all traces of the two that now cumber the political ground, will hail that party, when it comes, as a friend only, and not as a master. We have made many friends; we think we have won the confidence of the people; we are sure that they recognize the honesty of our motives, even when our judgement differs from theirs—at least, their constant support tells us so. And this result has been achieved by a policy—if so we must call it—of Independence. It is not likely that we shall change that policy.

Of course, every now and then, some wretched little country paper, printed on a hand-press, wants to get into a controversy with Puck, and comes out with a statement that Puck has been bought with British gold, or has sold out to the Democrats, or is in some way influenced by mean and unworthy motives. And, of course, Puck pays no attention. Such an accusation has never come from a responsible source—never will come. After seven years before the public, it is not necessary to say that Puck is not to be bought, coaxed or bullied. And all that we wish to make clear, just now, is that Puck is equally independent of the fetish of party allegiance. Puck supports Grover Cleveland because honor and decency demand that he should be elected over James G. Blaine. And the Blaine men, whose one

## READY FOR BUSINESS.



TO GO TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

argument has been that they are in a majority, and who are now anxiously looking around to see where that majority is to come from, may get what comfort they can out of this Declaration of Independence.

The columns of some of our E. C.'s afford a curious study just now. The intelligent minority who indulge in the perusal of Mr. John Kelly's private and personal newspaper, the *Star*, must be particularly edified and instructed by the articles which appear in it. Indeed, if the *Star* readers did not see other papers occasionally, they might not even know it was a campaign year, so closely has their attention been directed to less trivial things than a Presidential election. Articles on "English Justice and Irish Gratitude," "The Cholera," "The State of Parties in Scandinavia," and "Irrigation in China," have adorned the editorial page to the exclusion of any decided opinions on the political outlook. Now, far be it from us to hurry Mr. Kelly, or to interfere with his policy; but we would respectfully suggest that, if he intends to give support to the party that he occasionally acts with, now is the time to do it.

He certainly will not have the same opportunity after the first week in November next. We know Mr. Kelly does not like Mr. Cleveland. It is sad, because there are some four millions of voters who do, and no system of voting has yet been devised that will give a minority of one man representation against four million. And yet we are not quite sure that the negative support that Mr. Kelly gives Mr. Cleveland is not just as influential as his positive support. There is certainly no hurrah about it. The ticket, "Cleveland and Hendricks," is not

printed in large type over the editorial columns; but then Mr. Kelly is not hypocrite enough to pretend to be fond of Messrs. Blaine and Logan. Every hit at the Republican nominees is in favor of the Democratic nominees. He can't possibly blow hot and cold at the same time, so friends of Cleveland have no reason to get nervous just yet. Perhaps Mr. Kelly and Mr. Dana—who is pursuing the same policy as Mr. Kelly—and Mr. Ben Butler are in a plot to get up a nice little surprise-party, and when their arrangements are completed, the support that Mr. Cleveland will receive will be so overwhelming that each one of these gentlemen will feel he has the right to the pick of the fattest offices at the next President's disposal.

SCHROON LAKE, July 21st, 1884.

My own dear Gertie.

I am having a quite too awfully lovely time in this paradise, and I'm going to tell you why. I came here with misgivings. I did not think that it would be change enough from the dreadfully hard work at Vassar. It is true that pellucid lakes and romantic foliage have unutterable charms for me; but these, you know, are not everything. Can I write more, or shall I wait until my own dear Gertie folds me in her arms, and then disclose to her all, all, all of my prospective happiness? But if I do tell, you must promise me never, never to say anything about it. Oh! Gertie, if you did, I don't think I could ever speak to you again. There are two or three delightful young men here, and we glide over the lake, and ride and walk and read poetry to each other until I can imagine what the Elysian fields must have been. But why dwell on these glories? When you come here you shall know all.

Always yours devotedly,

ADDIE.

P. S.—I think it is Marcus Aurelius who says: "*Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus.*"

P. P. S.—Beckie Jones has a room next to mine. I don't like her a bit. She's perfectly horrid.

P. P. P. S.—Don't forget to bring with you a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1884, for I love it. It will be published next week.



## REMARKS BY ME.

Who is it, Alpheus? Did he waft his name up the speaking-tube, or has he sent up his card? Ah, the Reverend McXylophone Gimp, the distinguished minister of the gospel—the popular preacher. Show him up, by all means, Alpheus. And first shake the pup out of your *fautuil* upholstered in cloth of gold.

Ah, Mr. Gimp, I am glad to see you. Sit down. No, you're not disturbing me. What can I do for you?

Oh, about the Sunday concert matter? You want us to join in the protest against the Sunday concerts in Central Park? You regard them as a temptation to evil courses, an insult to the moral sense of the community, and a desecration of the Sabbath, do you?

Oh, you do. Very well. Let us, then, in a spirit of love, inquire into this matter. But let us begin by saying "Sunday," and not "Sabbath." "Sunday" is English, while "Sabbath" is not. And besides, "Sabbath" has long been the shibboleth of cant and hypocrisy. So, if you please, we will speak of the day simply as "Sunday."

And you see, in the first place, Mr. Gimp, it is not the Sabbath that you are talking about. The Jewish Sabbath is an institution that does not flourish in this country. It has been established here, and it has died out. The feeling which gave it birth is dying out. People are waking up to the fact that it is a barbarous and unreasonable thing, a relic of older times and alien places. It has no part in our civilization. Its one element of good—its systematic ordering of a day of rest—is no new principle. And that is common-sense, rather than religion.

But let us see why you object to having free music in our parks on our American Sunday. First, then, you say it is demoralizing. And whom does it demoralize? The worn-out workingman, who would otherwise pass his afternoon mewed up in his stuffy tenement-house room—or else in a beer-saloon where the front door is closed and the hall-door open, and where the beer sells for five cents a schooner?

Or does it demoralize the workingman's child—the poor little pinched, pale-faced wretch who has been longing all the week, in the close, hot, noisy alley, for this breath of air, these swaying trees, this dazzling, tremulous water, this pure and joyous melody?

Perhaps it demoralizes that poor seamstress over there? She has labored all the week, bent over a sewing-machine. Her fingers are rasped, and her heart is weary and her head is heavy. Do you think she will be tempted into evil courses by hearing a little good music on a fair Summer afternoon? Do you think she would be any better off, mentally, morally or physi-

cally, in your own great gorgeous church, sitting in the charity seats, far down by the door?

But you think that the Sunday concert is an insult to the community. To what community, and why an insult? And what is your idea of desecration?

Is there any community which feels that it is insulted and its holy day desecrated because the birds sing, and the flowers blow, and earth and air and water are glad on that day? Is it possible that good music can be, at any time or at any place, an insult to or a desecration of anything on the face of the earth?

My dear Mr. Gimp, when you tell me that you have a mysterious revelation that a mysterious power will punish me and cast me out from happiness because I make myself glad on a certain day of the week, you are talking nonsense! You are telling me something that might do for the Middle Ages, but that will not do at all, now. I do not believe your story. You never have been able to substantiate it, even from your own records. And even if you brought me a stack of Greek and Hebrew manuscripts as high as the tower of Babel, I should not believe it. I should tell you that you were flying in the face of a greater revelation than was ever written in books—the revelation of the changing seasons, of the winds, of the waves, of the green things of the earth, and of the life of earth and air and sea—the eternal revelation of wise and kind Nature. The maker of all these things never made laws that stultified and outraged his own creation.

Mr. Gimp, you misunderstand your mission as a minister. If you come among us as a friend and counselor and guide, you are welcome, and we will pay for your support, and listen to you. But if you are trying to re-establish an overthrown system of hierarchical tyranny—why, we shall throw you over as we should any other nuisance.

And now, take my advice, Mr. Gimp. You are going to Europe for your vacation a week from next Wednesday. Very well, on Sunday, instead of preaching your farewell sermon to six women and the sexton, in that great gorgeous church of yours, go up to Central Park, and sit among the people, and listen to the music, and see if you can not learn the great lesson of love for your neighbor that lies at the bottom of all true religions.

MR. BLAINE is the arch monopolist, for he monopolizes the support of all the monopolists, including the golden trio, Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, and Mr. Cyrus Field.

THE GEORGIA WONDER will wrestle with Death some day, and then she *will* be heard.

## Puckerings.



OH, THE happy Summer  
At the merry seaside!  
Oh, the crab that nips the  
Bather on the shin!  
Oh, the laughing children,  
Playing in the billows!  
Hear the nurse-nurse  
Splish the baby in.

Hear the little baby,  
Hear the pretty baby,  
Kicking like a steerlet,  
Raising shrieks on high;  
Till the merry water,  
Till the gurgling water  
Gets into his mouthlet  
And he can not cry.

See the pretty maiden  
Venture in the water,  
In an azure tunic  
And striated hose—  
And a little later  
See that pretty maiden  
Dabbling lots of powder  
On her sunburned nose.

See the mighty ocean,  
See the great attractions,  
See the proud hotel-clerk—  
But remember, pray,  
It will cost four dollars,  
And a half-a-dollar,  
If you want to see him  
For a single day.

## A WAIST OF TIME—An Old Maid's.

AND YET it was a cold day for Greely when he—got found.

PERTINENT ADVICE to the Tattooed Man—  
"Pull down your vest, Brother Blaine; pull it 'way down."

MEXICO IS Americanizing its institutions. A Mexican who owned nine drug-stores failed there last week for \$275,000.

WE WELCOME the brave Greely back to civilization. He "went north, young man"; but the country refused to grow up with him.

SOMEBODY CHARGES Mr. Jim Blaine with playing with voters as though they were chessmen. We beg to note an exception. Chessmen are always played on the square.

UNDEVOUT TROJANS classically allude to their distinguished fellow-townsmen, Martin I. Townsend, as "Polyphemus"—his most prominent feature being his enormous I.

THE MINERALS of the clay accompanying the diamond are quartz, silex monazite, zircon, dis-thene, staurotete, grenat almandine, corindon and some oxides of iron. It no longer has any of these substances when it gets into the hotel-clerk's bosom. Then the principal things accompanying the clay are brass and cheek.

## CANDID, BUT NOT COMPLIMENTARY.



HE.—"Why do you like me best when I am silent?"  
SHE.—"Because I can then imagine I am alone."

A LEFT BOWER—  
Jack Kelly.

A JADED PARTY  
NAG—Ben-I-See.

"PUSH THINGS."  
—*Tribune*. "All right;  
stand from under."  
—*General Public*.

A BOOTLESS AFFAIR  
(for Citizen Blaine)—  
Waiting for President  
Arthur's Shoes.

IT is apparent that  
some of the Pine-Tree  
statesmen are aware  
of the peculiar quali-  
ties of pitch.

## FRIENDSHIP.



HUSBAND.—"The Browns are still living in New York. Very nice people, and we are under obligations to them."

WIFE.—"I'd ask them out here to spend the Summer with us if I was certain they couldn't come."

## HE REMEMBERED.

A man never feels more lonesome and forgotten anywhere on the face of this big earth than in the land of his boyhood, after an absence of fifteen or twenty years. He goes back with a sort of half belief that he will find everything just about as he left it, and is startled to see the little red-headed girl he was wont to help at her mud-pie baking the mother of a growing family, and the cherry-trees of his childhood's happy hour full of the sons of the boys he used to play with.

About a year ago I went over in the happy land of my boyhood, where I was wont to chase the bright hours away hunting the amusing bumble-bee in his native lair. I had been away from the locality about eighteen years, and it was half a day's work to find a person I could call by name. It seemed to me that everybody I knew when I was a boy and lived there had died or moved away. The cherry-trees I used to climb; the streams I used to dam for water-power to run miniature saw-mills; the hills I used to coast upon; the great chestnut-trees I used to shake till they showered down their nuts; the rocks among which I was accustomed to hunt the ferocious chipmunk were all there, looking very much as they had looked nearly a score years before; but the people had all changed.

Near the old house in which I was a happy boy, with a great longing for pie and a marked distaste for work between meals, I found a solitary white-haired man leaning against a fence. He was apparently occupied with his thoughts and a large chew of tobacco. He was an old inhabitant. I had stolen watermelons from him twenty years before. I knew him at once. I recognized him by a strawberry-mark on his nose. I thought I would question him and see if he remembered me, and, approaching him, I asked in a kindly and reverential tone of voice:

"My good sir, do you remember a fair, bright youth with thoughtful, pious air, who was the joy and light of a family who lived in yonder house some eighteen or twenty years ago?"

"No, I never knew any such boy in this section," said the old inhabitant, slowly and in a dry, husky tone of voice: "But I used to know a tow-headed, freckled-faced youngster who lived over there about as long ago as you speak

of. I can't forget him well, for he was the worst boy in the community—a boy who was as frisky and chipper as could be when there was no work to do; but who always had a bad pain when there was water to be carried to the harvest hands, or fire-wood to be fetched in, or the cows to be hunted, or the grindstone to be turned; a boy who was always at work at a rabbit-trap, or a machine to hull walnuts, or a saw-mill, or something; a boy who had a dam across every run in this section, and a flutter-wheel agoing at every dam. That's the only boy I ever knew to live over there in that house on the hill."

I saw that he hadn't entirely forgotten me. "What do you suppose that boy is doing now?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, in a meditative way: "but I expect he is in jail. He ought to be, anyway, if he is still alive and hasn't reformed."

"No, he is not in jail," I said, thinking I would surprise him: "he is the editor of a newspaper."

"Well," answered the old inhabitant, slowly, after changing his quid from his left to his right cheek: "I ain't a bit surprised to hear it. I always said he would come to something bad."

At this point the conversation flagged, and a sort of coolness appeared to spring up between the old inhabitant and yours truly. I decided not to surprise him by revealing to him the fact that I had once been a boy and had lived in the house referred to. I was afraid the news might shock him, broke it to him ever so gently. He was a very old man, and the shock might have been too much for him.

SCOTT WAY.

IT MAKES a horse sick right down to his hoofs to have his owner go off to the seashore for the Summer and leave him in charge of a livery-stable man, who takes advantage of the owner's absence to drive the disconsolate nag to five or six funerals a day, and rent him to fat men as a saddle-horse.

THE BLAINE LIGHT INFANTRY — "Willie Wally" Phelps, "Jakey" Reid and "Charley" Smith.

"LA, MR. ELKINS, what a man you are!"—*Abe-Gail.*

## HOW THEY'LL DO IT.

"Well," demanded an inquiring citizen of Mr. Mandelbaum, of the firm of Mandelbaum & Feierstein, the great retail clothiers: "for whom are you going to vote? Is it to be for Blaine or Cleveland?"

"Now, my friend," answered Mr. Mandelbaum: "I will just tell you how this is. I think Mr. Blaine about the best candidate I know."

"Then, of course, you'll vote for him?" interrupted the citizen.

"Not quite so fast. I want you to hear what I have to say. I want you to have my opinion of Mr. Blaine."

Here Mr. Mandelbaum seized a dozen pairs of Summer trousers, threw them upon an adjoining counter, and swung himself into the place they had filled, and held forth as follows:

"Mr. Blaine is a very good man. He is a thorough American. He will protect all business men and manufacturers. He will not allow the American people to be sat upon. He will restore the country to the position she has heretofore occupied."

"Then I am to understand that you intend to vote for Mr. Blaine, and you are opposed to the candidature of Mr. Cleveland?"

"No," returned the clothing merchant, in an injured tone: "I am not opposed to Mr. Cleveland. On the contrary, I should very much like to see him elected. I think he would make an admirable President."

"How so?"

"Well, we should have a first-rate administration. There would be honesty in all the departments of the public service, and the country would prosper."

"Then, do you prefer Mr. Blaine to Mr. Cleveland?"

"I do not."

"Then you prefer Mr. Cleveland to Mr. Blaine?"

"No."

"Then, for whom are you going to vote?"

"I am going to vote for Mr. Blaine."

"Because you think he would make the better President?"

"No."

"Then, why?"

"Because he has a large number of friends, and I can't afford to go back on him."

"But how about Governor Cleveland? You surely can't go back on him, either?"

"That is quite true."

"But you will go back on him if he does not get your vote."

"Strange as it may seem, we shall not." And Mr. Mandelbaum looked the inquiring citizen straight in the eye, amused at his puzzled expression.

"Then I give it up. I don't believe you're going to vote at all."

"Pardon me, but I am. Mr. Blaine will receive my vote."

"Pshaw! What's the use of talking about Cleveland?"

"A great deal of use, my friend."

"Hang it, Mr. Mandelbaum, you can't vote for Blaine and Cleveland too!"

"Perfectly true. I can't; but *we* can."

"I don't understand you. How can people be Democrats and Republicans at the same time?"

"Not very well; but, you see, we make it all right with our customers. I vote for Blaine, and Mr. Feierstein, my partner, votes for Cleveland."

A *Tribune* CORRESPONDENT, under the signature of "A Voice from the Potteries," relieves himself of much fulsome flattery of the Plumed Knight. Surely this must be the Delphic Oracle.



## A LEGEND OF WALLEN.

The legend as told is about this size,  
And substantially shaped in the following way:  
Erasmus Josiah Mandeville  
Was riding along, one Summer day,  
On his foam-white steed with its tail cut square,  
And saddle and trappings that shone like tin—  
(And Erasmus Josiah Mandeville,  
Looking as natty and smart as sin)—

When he saw in a meadow a maiden fair—  
So stunning a one he had seldom seen—  
And he reined his steed to the barbed-wire fence,  
And asked the maiden to give him a green—  
One little green from her brimming pail,  
To wear near his heart all the rest of his life,  
Unless—and he blushed to think *how* he blushed—  
She would consent to become his wife.

Then she waited and smiled on her fodder and grass,  
But made up her mind not to say him nay,  
When Erasmus Josiah Mandeville  
Weakened and rode like mad away.  
And the maiden looked up and then she looked down,  
And a tear dropped into her brimming pail,  
And all she could see through the tears and dust  
Was a galloping horse with a square-cut tail.

And Erasmus Josiah Mandeville  
Married a lady ice-cream bred,  
Who worried his life all the Summer for hats,  
And in Winter for seal-skin sacques, 'tis said.  
And he kicked himself over a thousand times  
When he thought of the maiden that Summer day,  
Who was squaring herself to answer him "Yes,"  
When he weakened and rode like mad away.

And the girl she married the hired-man;  
But she always regretted, more or less,  
That she hadn't minded her knitting that day  
And been more previous in saying "Yes."  
And the legend goes on to further state  
That they died after eighty years of blight,  
And the marble fiend cut on their several tombs:  
"It is now, if it wasn't then, all right."  
S. B. McMANUS.

## SO YOUNG, AND SO BALD-HEADED.

HENDERSON, Ky., July 21st, 1884.  
To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:  
I write you a letter the first I have ever written for  
publication. If you like it I will ask you  
in consideration to send me three or four copies of the  
paper I would like to from you if it is accepted I think  
you will find it new and original.

Respectfully,  
THOMAS B. LYNE.

## A VISIT TO THE THEATRE.

I am just a country lad living on the border  
of an important village of about seventy-one  
inhabitants. The great desire on my part to  
learn something more than I already know  
prompted me with the resolution to venture to  
a city, and seek information by observation.

Accordingly, my intentions were accom-  
plished I make a move for the city. The first  
thing that struck my eye with a favorable con-  
sideration was a gilt-edge band-wagon. The  
music inspired me patriotic inclinations. The  
admiration of all things visible to the sight and  
the general feelings of comfort or relief, like  
the signal of alarm, which indicates nourish-  
ment, when engaged in the field cultivating the  
products of the soil.

The news was heard this music ment a  
theatre the following night. I attended, sup-  
pose it was the first I ever witnessed. So I  
write about theatres, Talk about Theatres, sing  
about Theatres, and dream about Theatres. In  
fact I felt like a fixation there. In conclusion  
my mind was affected, like those who read  
Marcus Twain's poetry. To deprive myself of  
it I pass it to another:

Punch with care  
Punch in the presence of the passenger.

Theatres are a great invention as much so  
as steam or electric-lights. Thought I would  
buy one, Somebody said all this world is a

Stage. The female performed on the stage  
completely undid my neck, and I suffered with  
a crick in the neck several days.

It is high time to leave this part of the world.  
The boat-bell suggests for me to return.

This experience encourages one with the  
fundamental principles of the philanthropist  
We all live and learn. The all absorbing  
topics of our motives, our ambition and the in-  
vincible fate of humanity. But it did not ad-  
vance my interest with my girl. So I can not  
boast of matrimony.

Mr. Editor, perhaps I shall write again on  
some other important subject.

R. OPPERSTEINE.

OLD MORTALITY BUTLER did not succeed in  
gathering in the Democratic nomination at  
Chicago; but then, with two nominations al-  
ready in his pocket, it is only fair to say that  
B. F. B. is doing quite well, although he doesn't  
seem to feel so.

"THE POWER OF SLUDGE" is the caption of  
a late article in a not-too-much-only-just-enough-  
esteemed contemporary. The able editor han-  
dles his subject with a certain familiarity that  
bespeaks authority.

BUNGED (EFFECTUALLY)—The Flower Bar'l.

## ANOTHER STAB AT THE FAITH.

Simon Macedonia was yesterday arraigned  
before Judge Hutchins.

"What's the offense?" asked the Judge, with  
severity.

"Caught in the act of stowing away in his  
clothes about eleven dollars' worth of toys at  
No. 312 Jumpingjack Street," promptly spoke  
up the arresting officer.

"Guilty or not guilty?" the Judge inquired.

"Guilty," pleaded the prisoner, with singu-  
lar forced calmness, through which suppressed  
pleasure tried hard not to show itself.

"You hardened wretch! What have you to  
say in mitigation of the crime?"

"Crime? Crime! Why, I was obeying the  
teachings of St. Paul, O wicked and ignorant  
Judge."

"Impious profaner," the dignity roared:  
"explain!"

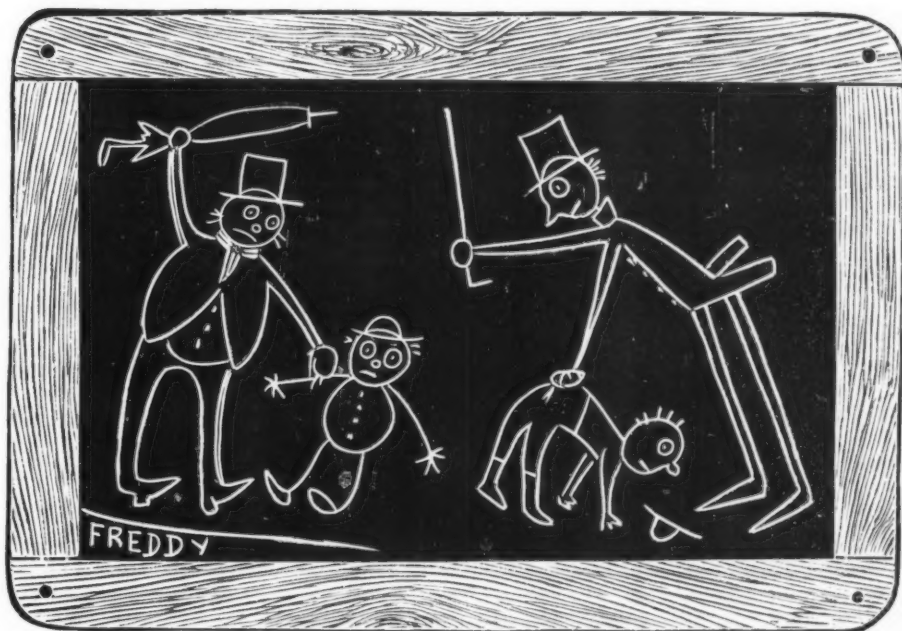
"Sir, yesterday I became a man, and, as the  
officer states, when he saw me I was earnestly  
engaged putting away childish things," with  
feigned innocence and indignation the prisoner  
replied.

"Cæsar says," spoke the cold and scoffing  
Judge: "that all Gaul was divided into parts  
three. It seems since to have been reunited in  
the person of Simon M. Ninety days, and a  
testament with concordance, Simon."

PYX.

## FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarkjultwenteycecknd

dear puck

i cent you a car Toon las weke tellen you  
how me an jim jonson wer A gone two fite The  
ingens

i am moast Two soar to dror a car Toon this  
weke but i right Two in foarm You that the  
picknick Dident cum of thare Was a kined of  
a hich

this may ceam verrey Cirprizen in dede we  
Wer cirprized ourcelys butt i wil recount two  
you The hole thrillen tail

the son was cetten In the disstent west an his  
lastt levle rase Wer as red as blud wen A cros  
the planes too travlers mite hav Bin cene stelthly  
picken thare Way out of jim jonsons airia  
an per Suin thare cortious way down the streat

the ellder Of the party was A boy of hircu-  
lian fraim with A look of despret deturmena-  
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ouer relentles tirance caim after us with cains  
i do Knot Want eney appatche In mine after  
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sose jim jonson

Youers soar

freddy

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on it Be foar i go ingin kilen A gen.

## LOVERS WANTED;

OR,  
THE DUDE'S DILEMMA.*Dedicated to the Landlords of the Ordinary Summer Watering-Places.*

## CHARACTERS.

OTHELLO ISINGLASS, the Dude Hired for his Board and Expenses During the Season.

GUMHILDA, the-Belle of the Resort, and Her Twenty-nine Loverless Sisters.

Chaperones, Landlord, Brass-Band, etc.

SCENE 1ST.—*The Hotel Piazza; Early Moonlight; the Thirty Maidens are seated on the Porch, while in the deserted Ball-Room a Band discourses the mocking strains of the Invitation a valse.*GUMHILDA (*loquitor*).

Oh! I wish, and I wish, and I wish, and I WISH That the Season were over, or that something would happen

Like an Earthquake, or Fire, or Horrible Murder, So the Papers, at least, would send up a Reporter To write all about it, and—

FIRST GIRL.

What if the Papers, Aware that young men never visit these Summer-Resorts, in his stead should send up a young woman?

THE OTHER TWENTY-NINE (*screaming*).

We would pull out her hair, or we'd scratch her and pinch her

To death, if a female would just dare to try it.

GUMHILDA (*with gloomy fierceness*).

A Month has gone by. Yet on Field or in Forest, Or down where the murmuring, querulous torrent Sings to the lichen-clad boulders beside it Melodious strains of its Bridal with Ocean; Nor yet on the Plain where the yellowing Harvest Bends to the kiss of the Patent Steam Reaper No MAN have we seen, nor—even—his—semblance.

(*She weeps.*)SECOND GIRL (*embracing Gumhilda*).

Be comforted, Gummil. You surely remember That in our Excursion, last week, in the valley Where the cottages wreathed with the lilac and myrtle Seemed less like the dwellings of Men than of Fairies, We saw by the side of the green-shaded highway The Cucumber-Patch with the lovely old scarecrow, Which looked like a real live man, with its manner Of classic repose full of dignified coolness; And don't you remember how we kissed it and bathed it With tears of pure joy, so manly an air it had? Here's my piece of his coat-tail, to which you are welcomed.

GUMHILDA.

Many thanks, my sweet darling, but a piece of his necktie

I secured for myself, and I will not deprive you Of that sweet souvenir and precious remembrance Of a Race which seems vanished!

Oh! Girls, I've an Idea!

THE TWENTY-NINE (*in chorus*).

An Idea! An Idea! Dear Gum has an Idea!

GUMHILDA.

Let us each get a spade, and a pick, and a shovel, Or some thingumbob, and go to the mountains And dig up for each a Pre-Adamite Partner. Now, what do you say?

ALL.

Oh! The idea is splendid!

(*Enter LANDLORD, with a telegram in his hand.*)

LANDLORD.

Fair ladies, I have news! Your mourning cease! At great expense and pains, I've managed to engage one live young Dude, Othello Isinglass by name, from Coney Isle. I've got him for the Season; dry your tears!

(*Exit.*)

GUMHILDA.

Can this be true? Can we the victims be Of some delusion, some dark Mystery? Will any fellow who is half-way wise Dare face this battery of Sixty Eyes? But if the news be true, then let us sing Our Hymn of Triumph to Creation's King— Man—God-like Man!

(*They join hands in a circle on the moonlit sward, and sing.*)

SONG.

ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR MATES.

From yonder moonlit grove  
The Nightingale sings to his love  
His tender strain;  
Together in their leafy bower  
Their mutual lover-song they shower  
In sweet refrainOf rarest melody, while cedarn bough  
Fills all the air around them with perfume,  
And holds their Bridal-chamber swinging low.  
Moon-ray and Star-dust mixed in tender gloomAfford them light,  
While from her azure height  
Venus, the Queen of Love and Night,  
Venus, low-hung and white,  
Their special Bridal taper seems to glow.  
Thus in this happy moonlit dell  
Mate calls to Mate in limpid strains of love,  
Mate answers unto Mate from mead and grove,  
And all seems happy as a married belle.  
'Tis Nature's law that we should love our kind—  
The Birds, the Beasts, the Fish have each a Mate;  
Even a Zoöphyte perchance may find  
A Kindred jelly groping for its fate.  
And shall we Maidens waste our golden prime  
Bereft of lovers, beaux, and all Mankind?  
In sad seclusion sigh away our time,  
To single blessedness become resigned?  
Forbid it, Love! O Man! where dost Thou stay,  
While Thirty solitary Maidens moan  
For thy sweet presence? Drive our gloom away,  
Nor let us linger longer all alone.(*Softly.*)Far over yonder Mountain's misty crown  
The pale sad Moon swings low her crescent ray;  
In yonder grove the song hath died away;  
Even the chafing brooklet's murmured frown  
Hath sunk into a drowsy lullaby,  
While over all, in shadow's stealing down,  
The odorous Summer silence softly seems to lie.(*Faintly.*)The Night is holy. Softly let us sing  
As fainter, fainter, fainter ebbs the light,  
And Summer nestles under Night's dusk Wing,  
While Zephyr whispers Summer's soft "Good-night!"  
Good-night!"(*Curtain.*)SCENE 2ND.—*The same place. Othello Isinglass discovered seated on the lawn in the moonlight, while around him in a circle the Thirty recline upon the grass.*

OTHELLO.

Aw! Lemme be still, I am tired and weary.  
You gals are enough to set a man crazy.  
All day I am bothered and worried and courted  
Until I'm nigh dead. If I walk out a minute,  
Alone by myself, at once you surround me  
And pet me and tease me. Doggone it, I wonder  
If ever a fellow was so situated?  
No wonder the fellahs fight shy of these places.  
I'll never come back if I once git away, now  
You betcher sweet life, and I'll cut the whole business  
If I see half a chance. It's a big sight too much of a  
Good Thing to git mashed upon Thirty at once, you know.I wish some fool fellah would stray around this way  
And take half my job, I'd divvy on kisses and  
All other perks, mighty d. q. I would!(*Enter LANDLORD.*)

LANDLORD.

Ladies, rejoice!

Another man approaches.

ALL.

A man! A man! Who is the man?

LANDLORD.

That I know not,  
But still some potent, grave and reverend Seignior  
He is, methinks.(*Enter STRANGER, clad like a Mormon Elder.*)

GUMHILDA.

Sir Stranger, welcome!

Who art Thou?

STRANGER.

A Mormon Bishop I,  
Upon a Missionary tour.

What is this Mystery?

GUMHILDA.

Thirty lonely Maidens we,  
Pining in our misery,  
Have bestowed our love, alas!  
Upon Othello Isinglass.  
We are Thirty, he is One.  
What, O Stranger, can be done?

STRANGER.

Where's the trouble? I see none.  
You are Thirty, he is One;  
Thirty add to one and you  
Of one and thirty make but Two.  
See?

OTHELLO.

I see it all! Help! Murder! Fire!

STRANGER.

Form a circle, make a ring,  
While I seal you to each other,  
And we'll neatly do the thing  
And make an end of all your bother.(*They form a circle, each grasping the fainting OTHELLO, while the STRANGER seals them according to the Mormon Rite.*)

STRANGER.

Now pack your trunks with might and main,  
And let us catch the Western train.(*The thirty rush off to pack their trunks for Utah. OTHELLO groans, while the STRANGER removes a disguise.*)

OTHELLO.

Things have come to a pretty pass,  
With Thirty Mrs. Isinglass.

STRANGER.

Quick! Let us fly;  
This spot beware,  
Or you and I  
Will lose our hair  
When they return—

OTHELLO.

Saved! Saved!  
A Brother Dude  
These dangers braved,  
And females rude—STRANGER (*who is discovered to be a brother Dude sent out to save Mr. Isinglass*).Let nothing from  
Your mind efface  
The perils of  
A watering-place;  
So let us fly  
This solitude,  
And live and die  
A happy Dude.(*Exeunt, running.*)

CURTAIN.

## FROM BALMORAL TO WINDSOR.



LET QUEEN VICTORIA ADOPT THIS PLAN AND HER JOURNEY WILL BE QUITE SAFE.



## A NEW VERSION OF A POPULAR OLD IDEA.



The Course of Political True Love—

Never Did Run Smooth.

## PUCK'S MISSIONARIES.

Will we lend a helping hand to the foreign missions? No, we will not. We have both our helping hands full, with a sort of internal mission of our own, now in operation in various parts of the country. You don't believe it, do you? Well, here are some letters we have just received from Our Missionaries, and we publish them just to show you that in our usual unostentatious way we have been doing a little evangelizing work on our own account.

## GLAD TIDINGS FROM MADISON AVENUE.

We have been laboring in this vineyard about a month, and already the leaven of righteousness is beginning to be felt. We have enrolled under our PUCK banner thirty steadfast, prayerful young men who have pledged themselves:

Not to wear single-stud shirts for evening dress—  
Not to refuse to dance at evening parties until they have been fed—

Nor to be fed until food has been given to the girls whose privilege it is to dance with them—

Nor to utterly ignore the hostess and the young lady for whom the party is given—

Nor to pose before the female of their species as "fast" or abandoned characters—

Nor to carefully copy the manners and dress of enterprising British trades-people, in the hope that they will be mistaken for heavy swells—

Nor to crook their elbows when they walk.

Our labors have not been confined to the young men. We have organized a Band of Joy which already numbers nearly fifty young girls, and these have pledged themselves:

Not to hustle their parents out of sight, when young men call in the evening—

Nor to emphasize their remarks by shooting their tongues into the air—

Nor to use the expressions "perfectly elegant gentleman," and "real splendid time," in describing last night's ball—

Nor to refer to an affianced husband as a "daisy"—

Nor to FLIRT.

## CHEERING NEWS FROM BROOKLYN.

Sunlight is beginning to break through the dark clouds which have, for so many years, hung over this region. Our Reformed Young Men now number twenty-five, and fresh accessions are reported nearly every day. We have emancipated these youths from the control of the native priests, (called here Sunday-school

teachers,) who are regarded with superstitious veneration, and whose influence extends from the trackless jungles of Williamsburgh to the pellucid waters of the Gowanus Canal. These Reformed Young Men have pledged themselves:

Not to carry banners in Anniversary Day parades—

Nor to discuss the relative merits of Beecher and Talmage—

Nor those of the "Heights" and the "Hill"—

Nor to wear garments of the kind affected in more favored lands "two years ago last Fall."

## THE LIGHT SET SHINING IN GOOD OLD NEW ENGLAND.

Our progress here has been greatly retarded by the native superstitions regarding the lemon-pie and the cucumber-pickle, which are looked upon as a fetish to be worshiped three times a day. The religious ceremonies common in this land of darkness are peculiar, and differ from those known in other heathen lands. We have found in every village a Shrine, situated either in a small "back room" in the tavern, or in the rear of a drug-store. Before this Shrine the simple inhabitants bow themselves on going to and returning from their daily labor. There are many—notably those who neither toil nor spin—who worship at even more frequent periods. Sometimes, after hours of religious fervor, they have to be carried to their homes. Our League has pledged itself:

To forsake the strange gods of the "back room" and drug-store and follow us—

Not to feed unweaned children on lemon-pie and cookies—

Nor to nourish the Summer-boarder with salt pork and bread-crust coffee—

Nor to use the knife for purposes for which the fork was designed—

Nor to work off last week's spoiled "baking" on the parson at a donation party—

Nor to entrap the too-confiding stranger into a "hoss-trade" and abuse his confidence.

RUMORED—That some of the temporary residents of Blackwell's Island will come out for Blaine.

J. G. B. AS *Coriolanus* (to curious citizens):

"Your Honors' pardon;  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again  
Than hear say how I got them."

## Answers for the Anxious.

"INDIGNATION."—It is pleasant to receive the assurance of your detestation of the cowardly and brutal attack recently made upon this office and its honored Chief. Every honest cheek must burn at the dastard act. You ask why we do not crush the perpetrator beneath the weight of our scorn. But the poor wretch is really not deserving of other punishment than his own sense of the contemptuous pity with which the community regards him. Nor can we descend to his base method of warfare. Cold indeed would be the day when we were obliged to resort to perfidiously spying in another man's office, to get points to present to the public a garbled, distorted and maliciously preposterous picture of those private details of business over which refinement and good taste alike draw a veil.

We might, if we were so disposed, print an expose that would open the eyes of a too-confiding public; but magnanimity forbids. Yet it is surely no breach of business privacy to report the sounds that fall from the window of the art department up-stairs, directly over the desk of the honored Chief. Some one is working there and singing as he works. It may be the Unrivalled Keppler, or the Unequaled Gillam, or the Unique Graetz, or the Incomparable Zimmerman; but their rooms are at the other end of the building, and the ring of guilt and the fact that it is out of tune give the voice away for that of the Contemptible Oppen.

This is a sample of the combined song and speech.

"Too late, too late, the dream is o'er,

And though we meet, we love—

O Gillam!"

[Muffled response from the other end of the room]

"How do the joints in a horse's leg go—I mean, ain't there two joints down there over the hoof? I kinder forget. What's that? Well, send me over the picture of a horse, won't you?"

Corned-beef *à la* Saratoga, baked potatoes *à la* modah—  
O Keppler! Say! I've gone and drawn this Arthur with two left legs—don't matter much, does it? Or would you change him? Would, eh? [*sotto voce*,] Those high-art fellers are always so darn particular.

If in a state of exhalation

You come home late and—

O Gillam! Say! This man Hendricks—this vice-president man—is he the same one that ran against what's-his-name—Low, in Brooklyn, a while ago? No? Ain't he, though! Then I've drawn him all wrong. Never mind. Nobody'll notice it. What's that? Can't recognize the faces in my pictures, anyway? Oh, come off! Maybe I don't know how to draw! Why, confound it, didn't I teach myself?

'Tis but a little faded—

Say! who took away my portfolio of Keene comics? I want to draw an old man, and haven't got any model.

I am the captain of the Pina—

Say! who threw that brick? What's that? Want me to stop singing? Why didn't you say so. No, 'twasn't out of tune; but I'll stop, if you say so."

And he goes on drawing Grover Cleveland with a row of dummy buttons down the wrong side of his coat, and revolving in his narrow mind further outrages upon a man who is his superior morally, mentally and physically.

"Now, LET me see if I understand this Presidential election at Chicago," said a blushing bride at Niagara to her spouse, as they gazed at the Niagara Falls, after they had enriched the hackman for life: "Blaine and Cleveland were chosen, were they not, my deary pet?"

"They were nominated at Chicago, my sweetie sweet—not elected."

"When will they be elected, my angel love?"

"Only one of them will be elected, dove."

"Then why were they both nominated at Chicago, my petty pet?"

"You see, my dear, one is a Democrat and the other is a Republican."

"Then what is the use of having two men nominated at Chicago if they can't both be elected? I know there are always two men on the ticket. There were Tilden and Hendricks and Hayes and Wheeler. Pa told me so."

"Yes; but you must understand that there is a Vice-President."

"Oh, my darling of darlings!" exclaimed the bride, reproaching herself for her doubts: "I see it all now. Cleveland is to be President and Mr. Blaine Vice-President."

Then the husband mortgaged a farm of his, and took his bride for a drive to Whirlpool Rapids in a hack.







OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

AFTER A WELL-KNOWN PICTURE.

## CHICAGO.

Chicago is famous for divorces, conventions, trotting-horses and the large feet of its women. It is called the Garden City, and a committee of investigation has been sitting for the past six weeks to find out the reason. No decision has yet been reached. Some people say that it is named after the Garden of Eden, where Adam and Eve were so happy; and here husbands and wives are so happy because they know they can be divorced at five minutes' notice.

Chicago is not as sensitive as Philadelphia. It does not mind being chaffed, because it feels that it has not finished growing. A walk through Philadelphia would lead one to believe that it was a city with about seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Tell your conclusion to a Philadelphian, and he'll get mad and will probably call you a dude and Pharisee, if nothing worse.

A glance at Chicago might induce one to think that not fewer than a million of people were rustling around for a living. Ask a Chicagoan what the census was, and he'll answer: "Over a million and a half." It is a lie; but, by the bustle in the streets, it seems such a plausible one that it can't be looked upon in a mendacious light.

Chicago produces a very fine article in the way of conventions. It treats them all with equal attention. This makes the Chicagoan's politics doubtful. By the time the different parties have nominated Presidents, he does not know which side he is on. He'll cheer for the Republicans and hurrah for the Democrats, howl for the Greenbackers and yell for the Prohibitionists. Perhaps he is more likely to yell at the Prohibitionists, for Chicago is not a temperance city. It drinks whiskey, and it "opens" champagne on the smallest provocation. The standing of a Chicago business man is measured by the amount of champagne he can "open." It is not necessary he should drink it—though he frequently does. Just pay for the wine, that is all.

Chicago leaves itself in charge of young men. It sits down on the old ones. A man over forty

is aged in Chicago. If he is a kicker, and refuses to be pensioned off, he is brought before the tribunal of the Young Men's Business Association of the city, and if found guilty of contumacy, is immediately sentenced to incarceration for life in the Chicago Old Gentleman's Home. He receives good treatment, and is permitted to "open" wine and drive trotting-horses all day long. Occasionally he is allowed to go out with a keeper to attend a convention.

The fashionable inhabitants of Chicago differ very much from those of the East.

They know that they have not yet got the hang of what is considered etiquette in older places. But this knowledge does not distress them; they would rather manufacture their own standard.

"Crude, are we?" a Chicagoan will say, when you mention that his team is fine, but his groom is shabby: "I paid two thousand dollars for that turn-out; how can there be anything crude about it?"

There are no art-galleries or museums in Chicago. Chromos answer the purpose for the present. The people have the money to buy pictures, but they can't find the time.

Chicagoans make and lose money rapidly. When a man makes a few hundred thousand dollars he first buys his wife and daughter a peck of jewelry, including large solitaire diamond ear-rings, then a trotting team and a house on Michigan Avenue, and takes a trip to Europe, which he pronounces inferior to Illinois. New York is viewed as an Englishman looks upon Liverpool, just as a place of embarkation to cross the Atlantic. Chicagoans are not impressed by New York; they think the people old-fogyish and slow, and that men over forty have too much to say.

RATIFY RIGHT ahead, boys; but if you could enthuse and aggress a little more the magnetic would like it better.—*Elkins.*

"WE MET by chants, the usual whey," as the chorister remarked to the dairy-maid.

## UNFORTUNATE, INDEED.

The Summer midnight zephyrs were whistling through the trees of the forest, and the light of the pallid moon was having the usual effect on the landscape, when a slouchy figure might have been seen ambling through the bosky thicket. It was not shabbily dressed; but by the expression of its back—for its countenance was not visible—it was evident that its mind was sorely troubled. The figure swayed to-and-fro, as if uncertain what route to take. It clasped its hands in apparent despair, and then turned around in a furtive manner, fearful of being pursued. Then it gathered itself up and walked erect for a few minutes, suggesting the idea that it was determined to make a supreme effort to keep itself from collapsing; but the effort was too great, and suddenly it sunk down prostrate at the foot of an umbrageous sycamore, and rolled over on its side and groaned.

As the figure lay almost lifeless, with its head on a grassy bank and its feet hovering over a stagnant pond, a belated traveler passed by, and, inspired by feelings of humanity, went to the assistance of the apparently dead individual.

After restoratives had been applied, he awoke and gazed wildly about him as he reclined on the grass, with his head held up by the friendly traveler.

"Who are you?" asked the benefactor.

It was some moments before he could frame a reply.

"I—I—I don't know," he said, in a tremulous voice: "I did once; but I don't now."

"Try if you can not remember."

"I'll try; but it's pretty hard work, I can tell you. My mind won't stand much. You have no idea what I have gone through. I passed many happy and comfortable years, without anything to disturb me; but those times have gone," and he sighed pathetically.

"Come, my poor man, tell me all about it," urged the traveler.

"Well, my name is Tariff, and I am the most persecuted creature in existence. But it can't last for ever, that is comforting. I am kicked and buffeted about in a most cruel manner. I scarcely know who are my friends, and who are not. The Independent Republicans have been giving me the cold shoulder. The Democrats talk a great deal about me, but I know that they are no friends of mine. But by far the worst and most outrageous treatment I have received is from the machine Republicans. I mean the Blainiacs. They pretend to love me, to worship me, to swear by me; and yet I don't derive the slightest benefit from their friendship."

"How is that?" asked the traveler.

"Because," responded the Tariff, excitedly: "because they are frauds. They have less regard for me than any of the other fellows; but I guess I have tumbled to their game. They go about telling everybody that they are my best and only friends, when they know that they are using me solely for election purposes, and don't care a snap of the fingers for my welfare. It's too bad, it is."

Here the Tariff was so overcome with emotion that he fainted again.

"I will no longer put my trust in anybody," continued the Tariff, on reviving: "I will leave the country so soon as I get a chance. I'll go to some place where I sha'n't be abominably overloaded all the year round as I am at present, and where I shall not be stripped of my clothing altogether by a parcel of cranks. At my time of life I want civilized and gentle treatment, and I don't see where I'm to get it."

The traveler continued his journey, leaving the Tariff to his further surging thoughts.

## LABOR-SAVING WASH.



"Naw, Mrs. Murphy, it's me Jimmy's clo'es I wash wid him inside av thim, fur it makes him clane as well as the clo'es."



## THE PATENT ELASTIC COW-CUD.

The Goat Editor, who personally resembles Salvini, looked pensively out of the window as the noon chimes rang from an adjacent steeple.

"Will he never come?" he murmured to himself, in heart-sick tones: "Shall I never, never see him again?"

At last the sanctum-door opened.

A red-headed youth entered. The Goat Editor leaped from his seat.

"Have you got them?" he asked, anxiously.

"I have. There's no such word as fail," replied the youth triumphantly, handing him a sealed packet.

"From the Astor House?"

"Yes, sir."

"Salt and French mustard on both?"

"Yes—on both," proudly answered the boy.

Quickly the Goat Editor removed the wrappings from the packet and exposed two sandwiches.

"Delicious viands!" murmured the Goat Editor, biting one.

An instant afterward that sandwich lay upon the floor, and the Goat Editor, with his mouth wide open, stood stupefied.

What had happened? This: As the Editor's teeth sank into the delectable morsel they encountered a yielding substance.

Suddenly that substance rebounded. The Editor's jaws flew open with a jerk. They stayed open. He could not get them together again. This naturally astonished him.

Before he had recovered from his amazement, he became aware of the presence of a visitor, who stood fixedly regarding him. The visitor said nothing, because he evidently was not prepared with any remark appropriate to the occasion; and the Editor likewise remained silent, because his jaws wouldn't work.

"Ahem!" finally observed the visitor: "Is your mouth always open like that?"

The Goat Editor made no reply.

"I suppose you always walk backward in a wind on account of the draft blowing down your œsophagus, eh?"

The Goat Editor merely glared at him.

"Some reptiles of the batrachian order sit, habitually, with their mouths open in that way for the purpose of catching water-bugs on their tongues. Are you a batrachian?"

The Goat Editor moved his ears emotionally.

"If you'll stand perfectly still, I will wager you a small amount that I can throw peanuts so as to hit your tonsils four times out of five. Want to do that?"

The Goat Editor gurgled.

"Well, what's the matter with you, anyway? Can't shut your jaws? Allow me to examine. Now, then!"

The stranger placed his thumbs upon the Editor's rear molar teeth, and by a dexterous twist replaced the dislocated jaw.

"May I ask how that little accident occurred?" he inquired.

The Goat Editor, being at that moment engaged in trying to rub the misery out of his face, silently pointed to the sandwich upon the floor.

The visitor impaled it on the end of his umbrella, picked it up, and regarded it critically through his eye-glasses.

"Oh, yes, I see. We have here two strata of bread, with superposed strata of butter. There also appears to be an interposed stratum of—well—now, that is—h'm—now—what is that?"

Here he sat down at a table, and producing a small pocket-microscope, looked at the sandwich intently.

"No," he remarked to himself, at length: "that is not celluloid, nor kerite, nor heveenoid, nor neptunite, nor vulcanite. In some respects it has the distinguishing characteristics of a

## THE BLAINIAC PROGRAMME.



THE LION'S SHARE OF THE CAMPAIGN PROCESSION.

patent roofing, and in others it resembles cork. On the whole, it is not cork, nor is it marine glue, nor aquarium cement, nor moulding-composition, nor amorphous sulphur. Yet it looks like gutta-percha. Perhaps it is plaster and sandarac varnish. Hardly that, either. Singular. It is organic, fibrous, and non-crystalline. It is not cobbler's ball, nor porous-plaster, nor asphalt pavement, nor tar; nor is it thirty-cent mixed caramels, nor corn-salve, nor yet bladder. My friend, this is an unknown substance in nature."

"Gimme that sandwich," commanded the Editor, menacingly, reaching for the scissors.

The Professor removed his eye-glasses deliberately, and took a Lulu Hurst grip on his umbrella.

A scene of carnage was just about to ensue, when the exercises were interrupted by loud voices in the hall.

"I ain't seen the thing! I don't know nothing 'bout it!" The tones were those of an indignant office-boy.

"I see yer take it, yer imp! I see yer pick it up!" This was a deeper voice.

"Yer didn't!"

"Didn't, eh? You inf—"

Here ensued sounds of cuffs and howls, mingled with muttered grunts, as if somebody was being severely butted in the region of the watch-pocket.

The door of the sanctum flew open violently, and the writhing interlocked forms of the red-headed office-boy and a long thin man wearing a torn alpaca duster shot into the apartment. By a herculean effort the office-boy wrenched himself free and escaped, leaving his antagonist sitting on the floor convulsively snorting.

The new arrival was assisted to his feet by the Goat Editor and the Professor. He saw nothing, but glared around the apartment.

Suddenly his eye rested on the sandwich.

"Ah—ha! It's there! I knew it; it's mine—it's mine!" he shouted, delightedly.

With a wild wave of a smashed roll of drawings which he had used to belabor the office-boy, he swept the Professor's microscope into the nearest cuspidor, and grabbing the sandwich, crammed it into his rear coat-tail pocket and sat on it.

The Goat Editor was just about to raise the

window in order to escape by way of the lightning-rod, when the Professor stopped him.

"My friend," said the man of science, addressing the seated individual: "why do you behave in this abnormal manner?"

"Why? Because that's a great invention, and I don't want the fruit of my genius stolen."

"Yes, exactly," observed the Professor: "but what is the invention? What is this mysterious substance which I—that is, you discovered?"

"It's a patent artificial cow-cud."

"What's it good for?"

"Good for? Why, it's the grandest invention this century has produced! Just consider it. When a cow eats grass she won't chew it at first, will she? No, sir; she just gulps it down into a special compartment, and keeps it there until she gets a bushel or two. Then she lies down, and her internal anatomy gets to work and rolls all this grass into cuds, which the cow chews with a deliberation which is simply maddening. Very well. Now, it must be plain to any one but a long-eared idiot that if a cow could be made to 'tend strictly to business, and swallow her grass after she's chewed it just as you do, or just as any other Christian does, once for all, and not do her work twice over, she'd save an awful lot of time. That time she could put in in eating more grass in the regular professional way, and thus getting fatter and milkier. See that?"

"I do," observed the Professor.

The inventor proceeded:

"I was about to observe that my scheme consists in providing one artificial cud to each cow. Also one Arab."

"One what?" ejaculated the Professor.

"One Arab!"

"Why an Arab?"

"Well, some time ago a lot of Arabs got over here, and nobody knew what to do with them. Even the Castle Garden expressman couldn't get ten dollars apiece from them for smashing their trunks, because they didn't have any. They were the most impracticable lot you ever saw. They wouldn't even be naturalized to vote John Kelly's ticket. That was too much. So everybody gave them up. Well, I got my eye on them, and I hired the whole lot and took them out to Peoria."

"What I want to know," persisted the Pro-

## THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.



LEVY.—“So help me Isaac! if dot suit ain't all chenuine English wool, I hope dis house will fall on me.”  
INNOCENT RUSTIC.—“Look out! The house is falling over.”

fessor: “is the function of an Arab viewed as a part of a combination in which the cow-cud is an element? Will you answer that question and not continue evading it?”

“Now, my scheme is just this. I say to an Arab: ‘Here, Osman Digna, or whatever your name is, stick by that brindle cow. When she lies down you sit there by her head.’ Now, when that cow tries to get a grip on a natural cud, Osman Digna suddenly howls in her ear, and that scares the cow, and she lets go her grip. Very good. After a while the cow gets discouraged, and pauses to consider the situation. Then Osman Digna catches the cow by the nose, opens her mouth, and puts in the artificial cud, which the cow is mighty glad to get, and which she goes on chewing until her jaws get tired.”

“Doesn't she ever chew it up?” asked the Professor.

“No, sir; that's impossible. Its elasticity is enormous. And not being able to grind it, the cow won't swallow it. Consequently, when her jaws ache, she thinks she's done all the chewing that is necessary, and goes to work eating more grass. Well, that grass is swallowed in the ordinary way, because the other place is full. And so, after a while, the cow gets used to that arrangement, and the duties of the Arab consist in simply putting in and taking out the patent cud at the proper time. I'm simplifying the process now, so that one Arab can attend to four cows.”

“Look here,” said the Goat Editor, exasperatedly: “I won't stand this much longer. Where's that sandwich?”

“I've got it,” said the inventor.

“Give it to me.”

“I won't.”

“Why?”

“Because it's got my patent cud marked No. 1,483 on it. See here.”

The inventor extracted the remains of the sandwich from his pocket, and triumphantly exhibited the mysterious substance which had puzzled the Professor.

“What's that made of?” demanded the latter.

“Never mind,” said the inventor: “It contains—well, Coney Island pie-crust, and steel car-springs, and compressed air, and some other ingredients.”

“Was that what I bit on?” asked the Editor.

“Yes, sir.”

“Was that in my sandwich?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How did it get there?”

“Well, I had it in my pocket, and I dropped it out in the street, and that rascal of a boy of yours ate the meat out of your sandwich, and was looking around for something to put in its place, and he found my cow-cud, and—”

The Editor uttered a subdued roar. Fire flashed from his eyes. He leaped from his seat and was gone.

A blood-curdling yell echoed through the building. The inventor and the Professor embraced each other in mute terror. There was silence. Then the chunk-chunk of heavy machinery in motion was heard.

In a few moments the Goat Editor returned.

“Gentlemen,” he said quietly, but grimly: “the colors on our cartoons are often admired. Come, see how we make red ink.”

In the can of brilliant roseate pigment exhibited to the visitors there floated the heel of a boy's shoe.

G. LARRABEE LUM.

THE seats in a Western church are set on pivots, like those in a dry-goods store. This enables the fair worshiper who sits pretty well up front to turn around and count the number of new bonnets in the house without screwing her head off almost, and going home with a stiff neck.—*Norristown Herald*.

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN was principally famous in India for the cut of his trousers. The mistake our people made was in not admiring these bags.—*N. F. Commercial Advertiser*.

—“Where on earth did you get that tobacco?” cried Frank to his college mate, as he passed him in the hall, smoking his first pipe of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. “Ha! Ha! What do you think of it, Frank? Now talk about the perfumes of Araby, and all that! Get it? Why down at the tobaccoist's.” “By Jove! Charlie, you've made a hit. Never inhaled such enchanting odors before. That's your genuine classical tobacco! Greek and Latin must come easy amid such fragrance.”

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For President,  
GROVER CLEVELAND.

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FOR THE

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"What?" said the startled customer.  
"The price is quite *décolleté*, I said."  
"Young man, do you know what *décolleté*  
means?"

"Yes, madam, I do."

"Well, I think you are mistaken."

"Oh, no, I am not."

"What does it mean?"

"It means cut low; and that's what's the  
matter with the price on this piece of goods.—  
*Comprenez vous?*"—*Merchant Traveler.*

CHICAGO HUSBAND.—"I am shocked, my  
dear, that you should waltz with that stranger;  
the idea of letting a man you never saw before  
put his arm around you in that style!"

Wife.—"I should not have done it, love, only  
I found after a few moments' conversation that  
I formerly knew him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he was one of my early husbands."—  
*Philadelphia Call.*

THE portraits of the Presidential candidates  
now appearing in the daily papers should not  
be accepted as proof that the art of wood-en-  
graving is deteriorating in this country. The  
man who hews out these cuts lost his broadaxe  
a few weeks ago, and has since been doing his  
engraving with a crowbar, hammer and cold-  
chisel. We can appreciate an artist's difficulty  
in catching a life-like expression.—*Norristown  
Herald.*

A TUSK seven feet long and four teeth weigh-  
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New Jersey. They are supposed to be the re-  
mains of the Jersey mosquito.—*Boston Post.*

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#### IN THE HENNERY.

OTHELLO—Is she not on nest?

IAGO—On nest, my lord?

OTHELLO—On nest, ay, on nest.

IAGO—My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO—What dost thou think?

IAGO—Think, my lord?

OTHELLO—Think, my lord?

By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in the coop,  
Too hideous to be shown—Thou dost mean something;

I heard thee say but now—thou lik'dst not that,  
As though thy breakfast-egg was stale, or had been sat upon;

And when I told thee she was of my brood,  
The choicest layer of a thousand hens thou criest "Indeed!"

As one would say he had a Cochin hen  
Could lay an egg with her for money.  
Show me the hen.

IAGO—I dare be sworn that she is on nest.

OTHELLO—Well, go to, then. Like to the Pontick Sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,  
Even so a setting hen will set,

And set, and set, and set,  
On bureau-knobs and bottle-necks and corks,  
And will not scratch around and lay fresh eggs,

Till something hatch. I have tied  
Bed-strings to their tails, and doused  
Cold water on them, and have scared them,

And chased them round the yard, and set  
Dark barrels over them, but set they will.

I will withdraw  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the old hen. Ay, ay, and by yond' marble

heaven,  
I will sell her in the market  
For a squab.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE big, luscious-looking strawberry seemed very much confused.

"What's the matter?" asked a little one lying near.

"I don't know. I seem to have lost myself. Everything looks so strange and unfamiliar here."

"Don't know where you are, eh?"

"No, I am quite sure I never was here before. What place do you call this?"

"This? Why, this is the bottom of the box."

—*Chicago News.*

JOHN KELLY has some idea of getting measured for a white plume.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

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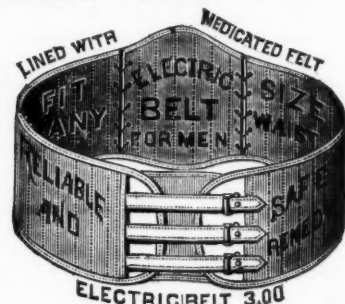
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Madame, at sound of Gabriel's trump,  
Would give no vulgar start nor jump,  
But slowly rise with tranquil grace,  
Lay all her pinion plumes in place,  
Make them secure with safety-pins,  
Account to Heaven for her sins,  
And take the Paradisiac road,  
A charming angel à la mode.

—Edith Lapham, in *The Century*.

THE Democratic poets bulge above the eyebrows as they attempt to wrestle with the Muse for a rhyme for Cleveland and Hendricks. It is awfully hard work, and although the Tennysons in our office have turned the crank of the mill with great industry, this is their only product up to date:

Let Jim Blaine and John Kelly together blend tricks,  
It's not in the wood to beat Cleveland and Hendricks.

—Philadelphia *Kronikle-Herald*.

THERE is a club in London called the "Playgoers' Club," the object of which is for the members to meet once a week to discuss their views of new performances. Such a club is all right in London, where they have nothing but good plays; but imagine that club trying to state their views after they had been to hear Anna Dickinson!—*Peck's Sun*.

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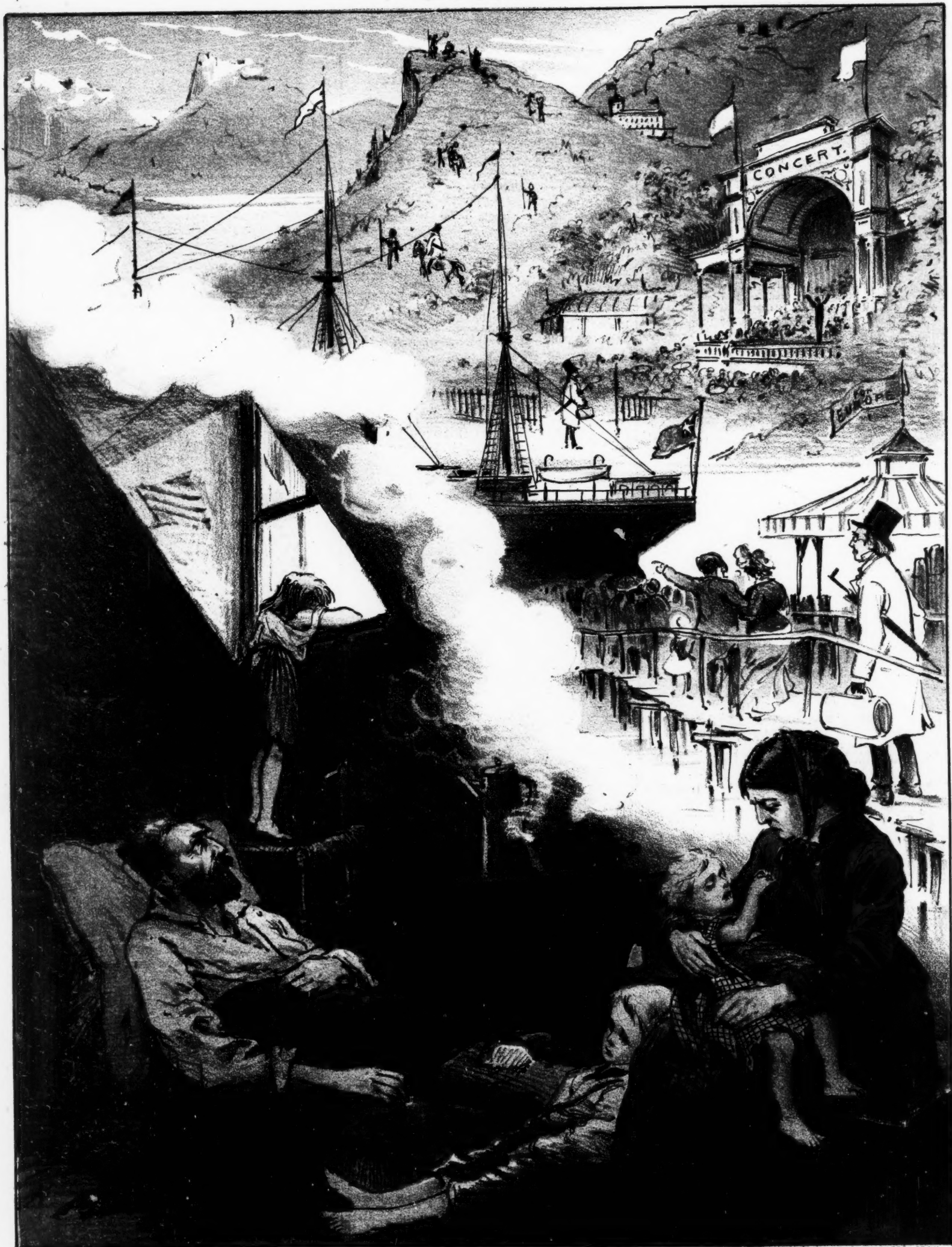
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